How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue, we muſt leaue the killing, out, when all is done.

Bott. Not a whit: I haue a deuiſe to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay; we wil do no harme, with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tel them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer: this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well: wee will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight & eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, to bring in (God ſhielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to looke toote.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue muſt tel, he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay: you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lions necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to trẽble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No: I am no ſuch thing: I am a man as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainely he is *Snugge*, the ioyner.

Quin. Well: it ſhall be ſo: but there is two hard things; that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine, that night, we play our Play?

Bot.